

THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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HEARTS OF GOLD.

A traveler lost on Eastern sands,
A thirst and faint, with failing breath,
Takes from his sack with trembling hands
The flask that stands 'twixt him and death.

He hastes to drain the priceless drops;
But scarce has raised it to his lip,
When a low moan he hears—and stops:
There on the ground, with lolling lip

Of parched tongue, his camel lies,
Fainting and spent, yet faithful still,
Pleading with his soft, Syrian eyes,
But patient to his master's will.

He who had borne him off in strength
From Jaffa's gates to Jericho,
Along the shining, level length
Of deserts white as northern snow—

He whom his little ones called—
At evening, by the fringed palms,
And sported round the honest breast
As safe as in his mother's arms—

Shall he not share the scanty draught,
Though madness burns in every vein,
And dreams of fountains he has quaffed
Come circling to the tortured brain?

His doom is sealed; for, ere the day
Shall sink below the mocking vast
His life must close, and on the way
To Paradise his soul have passed;

And when he stands by Allah's throne
The record of his years to trace,
This act of mercy left undone
May dim the fairest page of grace;

So, covering up his face, he pressed
The flask against his comrade's tongue—
As brave a deed of self-repression
As ever yet was said or sung!

Years after, by caravan
That journeyed south, the pair were found—
The succored beast, the martyr-man,
Bloached skeletons upon the ground.

As simplest things will oft unveil
The cherished secrets of the heart,
The posture told a tender tale
Of how the hero played his part.

Not English Sidney's fame shall glow
More brightly than this golden deed,
On Syrian sands so long ago,
Of one who put aside his need.

That suffering lips might feel no loss;
And though their faiths were wide apart—
The crescent there, and here the cross—
The pulse of every honest heart

Must thrill and thrill with holy pride,
As run these tales through all the lands,
How Sidney, for his comrade died,
And how upon the desert sands

The Syrian sank, in scorching noon,
A nameless hero evermore—
In Moslem robe and sandal-shoon,
Yet Christ-like to his being's core!

MARTHA PHILLIPS.

She was dead. An old woman with silvery hair, brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, and snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long years ago.

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look on that little plate on her coffin lid you will see "Aged seventy" there, and she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home a bride.

A half century she had kept her careful watch over her dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttonless shirts and undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and scolding wife.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of. She did not marry for love. When she was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village, and that summer was the brightest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village girl and won her heart; and when he went away in the autumn they were betrothed.

"I come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me and wait for me, Mattie, dear."

She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be, and with a kiss on her quivering lips he went away.

Springtime came, and true to his word Paul returned; he stayed only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy to study," he said.

They renewed their vows and parted with tears and tender, loving words; he put a tiny ring upon her finger, and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair; and telling her always to be true, he went away.

The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself so that she might be worthy of her lover when he should come back to make her his wife.

One day she glanced over a newspaper; her eyes were attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul! Paul! I loved and trusted you for this?"

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, she heard a step on the gravel walk, and, looking up, saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—give her plenty to eat and wear.

Now he seemed to have come for the express purpose of asking her to be his wife; for he took a chair beside her, and after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath in, began, in his business-like way. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife?

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but as she let fall her eyes from the crimson-hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married?" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him. If I marry him I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked up into his eyes and answered, quietly: "Yes, I will be your wife."

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was settled, and they were married the same summer. People thought that she sobered down wonderfully; more than that, nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose that any change had taken place.

Yes, she had sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled with something so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind, but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself: "I must work harder, plan and fuss and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget and grow like John."

Two years went by. A baby slept in the cradle and Martha—nobody called her Mattie but Paul—sat rocking with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-open door.

"Will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in.

She rose to give him the required direction when he came quickly forward.

"Paul?"

"Mattie?"

His face lighted up and he reached out his arms. With a surprised, painful look, she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner, this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner?" he repeated; "Mattie, what do you mean?"

"Don't call me Mattie, if you please," she replied with dignity. "My name is Phillips."

"Phillips?" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband?—that I was keeping my faith with one who played false so soon?"

"Played you false? I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just passed, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you, indeed, married, Mattie Gray?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For an answer she pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why you did this! Didn't

you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" he asked, as he met her reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married nor in love with any one but you."

"Are you telling the truth?" she asked, in an eager, husky whisper.

And then, as he replied "It is true," she gave a low groan and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! I didn't know you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you, but 'twas there in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married him!"

With bitter tears, she told him how all happened. With clenched hands he walked to and fro, then stopped beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child.

Then he turned, and, kneeling before her, said in a low voice: "I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his and looked steadily, lovingly into her face. His lips twitched convulsively. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-by. Good bless you!"

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby and prayed for strength. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remember her as a loving, devoted mother, her gray-haired husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor even dreamed of the sad load she had borne through life.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Cabinet Recreations.

The members of the Cabinet sometimes have very amusing interviews with ladies; as the following will illustrate:

Young Lady—"Mr. Secretary, I have called to see if you can tell me when Captain — is to be ordered away, and where he will go to?"

Secretary—"I really do not know. Do you wish him ordered away?"

Young Lady—"No, indeed" (this with a very conscious look and a slight increase in color); "only if you were I would like to know, you know, for you see," pulling out her handkerchief and putting her little gloved finger in her mouth—a la Maggie Mitchell—"you know, Mr. —, now don't you?"

Secretary—"How should I?"

Young Lady—"Then I'll tell you" (this with a look of determination). "I'm going to marry him, and if you are going to order him off, why we want to get married before. That is all."

Secretary—"I have not thought of ordering him away, and since he is going to engage in such pleasant business will not."

Young Lady—"Oh! Mr. —, ain't you good? I'm so glad. Now I'll have plenty of time to get ready."

Another young lady sends in her card and is admitted, when the following colloquy takes place:

Young Lady—"I have called to see if you will not give permission to Lieutenant — to come here from A—?"

Secretary—"Any of his near relatives sick?" scanning her closely.

Young Lady—"No, sir. His friends want to see him so much, and you can have him come if you want to."

Secretary—"Oh! I see how it is. If you will say he is your sweetheart he shall come."

Young Lady—"Yes, sir, he is!" saying this with both hands hiding her face.

The Secretary says that he gave permission to that officer to come, telegraphing to him to that effect within the hour. All Secretaries are not like the one we are speaking of, so young ladies must not presume upon the above incidents, for they might not be as successful as our two fair friends were.

—Painting implements, wagons, etc. pass.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Millais is engaged upon a portrait of Mr. Tennyson.

—The man who wrote the libretto of "Billie Taylor" is a reporter on the London Times.

—Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are going to call their new opera "Patience"—the name of the dairy-maid heroine.

—Rumor has it that Miss Emma Thursby, the charming American cantatrice, is "engaged" to a German nobleman of immense wealth.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe thinks that every teacher threatened with a reduction of salary should become not only a suffragist, but an apostle of woman suffrage.

—Some of Shakespeare's plays are to be performed in London without scenery, as in the olden time, the imagination of the audience being started in the right direction by such placards on the plain wall as "A Room in Macbeth's Castle" and "A Wooded Dell."

—Some of the most notable recent books of travels, recording journeys of no little novelty and risks, have been from the pens of ladies. Reason: because her descriptive powers are much superior to man's, and as a letter writer she has no peer.

—The late Stephen N. Stockwell, managing editor of the Boston Journal, made public bequests amounting to \$13,000, divided among nine religious and benevolent institutions. He began life as a compositor on the Worcester Spy, and his first work on the Journal was at the case.

—Mr. Benjamin Fitch, of Buffalo, N. Y., has just given to the Charity Organization Society of that city property amounting to \$200,000. It is to be used by Mr. Fitch's desire in founding and maintaining an institution for the physical, moral and intellectual benefit of the poor of Buffalo without distinction of creed or sex.

—Longfellow recently remarked of Hawthorne: "He was a shy man, and exceedingly refined. If any one thought he wrote with ease he should have seen him as I have, seated at a table with pen and paper before him, perfectly still, not writing a word. On one occasion he told me he had been sitting so for hours waiting for an inspiration to write, meanwhile filled with gloom and an almost apathetic despair."

HUMOROUS.

—Now that measles are prevalent, mothers as well as astronomers are looking for spots on the sun.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Indians never drink to drown sorrow. When they can get anything to drink they have no sorrow to drown.—*Boston Post.*

—The first sign of spring is the shriek of the housewife: "Wipe the mud off your boots before you come in here."—*New Haven Register.*

—A true philosopher never argues. He mentally concludes that his opponent is an ass, and keeps his mouth shut.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

—A woman may be so sick all the winter that she can't wear her new bonnet to church, but along towards the middle of April she will manage to crawl out of bed, turn the house upside down, and call it "spring cleaning."—*Norristown Herald.*

—They had been engaged to be married fifteen years and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spongy frame of mind, and asked her to sing him something tender and touching, something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang: "Darling, I am growing old."—*Brocklyn Eagle.*

—Bub's composition on the rhinoceros: "The rhinoceros lives in Asher and you kant stick a pin in 'im cause his weskirt iz bilt ov ole stoves. When a rhinoceros iz gonter he kild yu mus always go up to him from before so as he'll kno somethin ov it an' try to make a place for a bullet to git in. His nose iz got a upper teeth that's got so businez ware it iz and if a boy shoed set down on it he better sta pluzd up with the tooth r'els he'll be all won pore. I'd rather be a polliwog if I was a rhinoceros, tho' I spose if I was I woodent."—*Yonkers Gazette.*